Fron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE. IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

A GAME OF CHESS.

Yes, I love her most madly, but she shall not The state of my heart, while we calmly play That she is my angel, she knows not nor cares, As she opens the game with king's pawn two And I answer themove in the usual way,

Not caring a straw to win in the play; But thinking the rather how charming her As she lays that deep scheme and captures my rook; She bends her fair head so it catches the light, And her hands are so pretty, so soft, and so white, But what, she is blushing!—her play, too, has For I've taken her queen with queen's knight

to his third.

It must be she feels my unmannerly stare,
Or knows from my play that my mind is not But we move still more wildly—I hardly can Whether white men or red are mine in the And, indeed, I can't help it, but, silent no I'll tell her at once that her I adore.

That was long, long ago; and now, o'er our We bend, as of old, but with feelings more tame: Yet, no matter what years to our lives may be We'll forget not the game when both players were mated. - Charles S. Greene, in The Californian.

[Copyrighted.] VIOLA Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

CHAPTER V .- CONTINUED. "Woman!" he cried. sternly, "it is your weakness that has encouraged him. You never enforced obedience. You always let him have his own head, and this is the result of your criminal

"O Ben! I tried to do the best I could," she answered, meekly, never hinting by word or tone that there eyes could be any possibility of his having ever been to blame.

He groped for a chair and sank into it heavily. With a woman's natural in- to him." stinet, Myra Anderson put aside her own pain and tried to comfort him. She knew that his pride and temper were wounded, and so she said little, the bright, excited face, which flushed only dropping a word now and then with rare tact, making it always as favorable for her boy as she dared.

No one said much to Ben Anderson about his boy; they soon learned by the look in his face that it was not best. Only Tom Arnold told him that "in his opinion, no man had a right to set up his wishes against nature, and a man forced to take up a life against strong, repellant instincts, generally made a

The summer grew bright, as so many summers had done before, but something dimmed its splendor, and east a faint shadow over all the earth and air. by-and-by letters came from Ralphgay, bright little letters, full of buoyant life, ardent anticipations and eager ambitions, with here and there little sudden veins of deep tenderness, that brought the blood to Myra Anderson's face with a quick, warm glow. But he said nothing. He listened to the letters with a white, immovable face, still very set and stern, whenever Ralph's name was mentioned. Very evidently he had not yet forgiven him.

But one day a rumor was mentioned in the newspapers that there had been a terrible gale on the South Atlantic something-perhaps a change in cli- to the neighborhood. They were somecoast, and a list of the vessels supposed to be lost was given, and among them the "North Star"-his ship. Ben Anderson heard it in the city. How he got home he never knew; he had no recollection of a step of the way. He walked into the room where his wife sat reading over some letters, a faint smile on her lips. She hid them hastily in her dress, blushing softly. But he did not see; he walked straight to the table and sat down, and buried his face in his hands.

"God in Heaven, have mercy!" broke in a sudden, agonized cry from his lips, the great drops of sweat coming out on his forehead like glistening

"Ben! O my husband-what-what?" she stopped, half paralyzed with alarm and dread as a terrible, wild thought came crashing through her

He pushed the crushed paper toward her-he had brought it all the way from Rockford crushed in his hand-and then broke into a fierce, wild storm of paswhen their baby had died, had she seen ther husband weep. It is something ing an awkward attempt to raise his tears. A woman weeps softly and natu- will the Capting say?" rally, but when the depths of a strong. stern, rugged man's nature are broken nado in its intensity.

"He has punished me for my hard-ness-I wouldn't forgive him." he said. "I'll be back by after he had grown calmer and they had talked it over. "O Ralph, my son! my

Did you ever think what strange ways God takes to break down these stubborn wills of ours? How, when love eager impatience, but his voice had an and tenderness fail, He sends the tem- odd, husky sound in it, altogether unpest's breath and the terrible, swift usual. sword, to do His will; and then when our hearts are softened and broken, how tenderly He turns about and drops some great gift or joy into our lives? He did this into Ben Anderson's in this

Four weeks after that terrible ruhad been a terrible storm, he wrote, but they were in port at the time. Half a score of vessels went down, among them the "North State," of New

CHAPTER VI.

and internally. The old ambition of her kitchen, where a pretty oil carpet his nose vigorously. reigns just now in suspicious newness. paintings in curiously carved frames, a girl."
and a pretty little oval stand of brilliant mosaic; but the dearest and most beautiful thing of all in the eyes of Ben Anderson and his wife, is the picture of a handsome young fellow, in a rosewood and gift frame, hanging over the mantel in the sitting-room. There is a broad sailor's collar turned away from the finely-turned, sinewy throat, and a loose-ly knotted handkerchief falling over the full chest. The heavy chestnut hair is thrown carelessly back from a broad, girl's. Taken altogether, there is something both winning and inspiring in the fresh, resolute face, and a stranger would instinctively feel drawn toward it. Is it any wonder then that Myra Anderson stopped every few minutes as of all his mother's little snow-white, she bustled about the pleasant, sunshiny pink-nosed children, should have the room, and looked up at the picture, and wondered for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time if he had changed boy-he would always be a boy to her -would look with a beard, as he had written her he wore one now. She tried to fancy how he would look, and smiled softly to herself as she went about putting little touches here and there, that it might look pleasant and attractive to him, for he was to be there over and over, in a little tumult of joy- a boy as hers!

beautiful and full of sweet peace. And neglect, without a moment's delay. then there was another thing: Ralph

Ralph Anderson!

iously. "I mean so as to look strange

fresh as a girl, despite your forty-five who was, as I just said, twenty. years," he said, looking earnestly into like a girl's at the words of praise.

ing from her father's conservatory.

October day before? "Where through a sapphire sea the sun Sailed like a golden galleon!"

All the long line of faintly indulating plenty of admirers. The days were so long and the nights hills were cradled in golden mists. Far If they were a little select in their asskies.

driven tandem.

duce you to Ned, for I have no idea you for "the nobility." would know him if I didn't. The lank, brushed up over his ease, (instead of and, to tell the truth, a little handsomer. where one had the grace and beauty sun reflected in a glossier beaver, or a possessed. It was very evident, also, more brilliant pair of boots; and I most "a woman in the case," because by and by, when I get an opportunity, I want to tell you about it, and nothing in the world vexes me so as to find myself forestalled when I am intending to tell

Ned Bradlee had begged the opportunity of driving to the depot to meet Ralph, and Ben Anderson had consented, partly to please his old friend, and partly because he didn't care to have stranger eyes looking on when he

met his boy. "Well, I declare, Mrs. Anderson! You sionate weeping. Myra Anderson was nearly wild with terror. Never, even don't look more'n sixteen, and your terrible when a strong man gives way to beaver, as she came to the door. "What

"You won't stop to talk, will you, Ned, but drive right home as soon as the up, it is like the fierce passion of the tor- train gets in?" she said, eagerly, without noticing his salutation save by a

"I'll be back by half-past one if the world stands; have a nice lot of dinner, 'cos you may have company; there's no knowin'. Any wants in town?" " No, no!"

He made a feint of laughing at her

How slow the hands moved over the dial! How many times, even before one o'clock, she went and stood in the south door, and looked off over the long prairie road, shading her eyes with her hand, and smiling softly to herself. And when at last, five minutes before the mor, came a letter from Ralph! There time, through the faint cloud of dust he was something quite wonderful." she saw a light carriage, with a pair of horses tandem, and saw there were two in it, how wildly her heart beat! And the faint flush that stained her cheek, tried the other day at Worcester on two then her eyes grew suddenly misty. gave a very pretty solution as to the Russian bloodhounds, one of which There was a little whirl of swift wheels, agency by which they came to have during the street parade of a travel and like one in a blissful dream, she saw such an impression. What young man ing show, got off his muzzle and fast a form spring to the ground, and a of wenty-three, with blood in his veins, ened his teeth into the other's neck. Time, which never stands still or moment more and she was crying in the would have refused the invitation, pre- Nothing would induce him to let go have not blundered in the past, they waits, Las dropped six more years into arms of a tall, broad-chested, handsome faced by so delicate a compliment from until a handful of yellow snuff was should see to it that there is no blunderthe bosom of eternity. I want you to man, who kissed her over and over, such a pretty woman? I should be sprinkled on his nose. This worked ing in the future. step with me a moment into the home while at the one moment he shook quite ashamed of my hero if he had like a charm, and with a violent spasm. There are some change since we saw it last. There are evidences of prosperity, both externally blue eyes.

"Ef I'd thought you would feel so Myra Anderson in regard to "stuffed sorry, and take on so, Mrs. Anderson, furniture," has been realized, and she I'll be darned of I'd brought the Capting like frosted emeralds. The cool air no longer scours, as of old, the floor of here at all!" Ned exclaimed, blowing

reigns just now in suspicious newness. Here and there about the house are odd bits of curious bijouterie, and rare shells, come over Ned? He looks as if he had and two or three pretty, foreign looking been made over new. I'll bet he's got

To Ralph's surprise the ruddy face grew several shades deeper. "What," he cried, "did that shot hit?"

"Never you mind, Capting," Ned reolied, trying to look at ease, but still blushing like an Indian summer sun-

Then the dinner was served-and such a dinner as it was! There was the nicest of salmon trout, which Ben Anderson had rode to the city before open forehead, as fair and white as a sunrise to get; and chicken in pies, and girl's. Taken altogether, there is somelittle pig, roasted whole, lying on his side in a great white platter with a bright blue edge, and looking ready to burst with happiness and pride that he, honor to be eaten on this great occasion. And then the gravies and sauces and vegetables! And then, much in these two years, and how her again, the pies and puddings-why! if I were to tell them all it would take me happy, happy party as sat before it. And I am quite as sure, by the admiring look in her eyes, that Myra Anderson thought there was not another

I feel as if I ought to beg the reader's Ralph had been home twice since he pardon for not before introducing him went away, for a little brief visit, but to the Montfords, of Montford House. now he was coming home to stay all winter, and it seemed to the fond, happy mother that there was a new heaven the region round about could boast. and a new earth-everything was so Let me make haste to atone for my

First, then, there was Gilbert Montwas coming home Captain-Captain ford, an English gentleman of great wealth, and the very bluest of blood. Ben said "pshaw!" when she said There was, next in order of importance, the name over with its new title, but a his agent, and confidential friend, Mr. faint color crept into his bronzed face, Alfred De Vries, who had been born and a sudden light flamed in his grave and educated in Paris. Then there were three children-or rather, they "Do you think we have changed were children once. Just at this time much, Ben?" she asked, a little anx- they were respectively twenty-six, ferently. ously. "I mean so as to look strange twenty-four and twenty. Miss Althea Montford being the eldest, her sister Fannie next, and Victor, the brother,

Mr. Montford had been in the State something like nine years. He had one of the finest establishments in the coun-The lovely October air came in at the try. Montford House was a sort of open door and lifted the iron-gray hair marvel to the simple republicans of the of Ben Anderson, and crept with a lit-tle shiver of delight through the fra-grant geranium leaves in the window, handed down for generations, some of it and just touched, with careful fingers, bearing heraldic devices which showed the scented petals of the great creamy the greatness of its possessors. The and pink roses on the mantel. Blanche Montford servants were livery, and the Arnold had sent those over that morn- | Montford crest-a rampant lion with an uplifted arm above it-was emblazoned Was there ever, I wonder, such an on the panels of the family carriages, or wooden pier, he is accosted by a cujaristocratic family, with plenty of mon-ey, apparently, and, as a consequence, sheds and have his baggage examined.

so lonely at the pleasant prairie home, that Myra Anderson got nervous over that Myra Anderson got nervous over their slow, monotonous length. But their slow, monotonous length. But the city roofs and spires were faint-their slow, monotonous length. But the fer off ambor blue with the control of indignation or annoyance both Governments could well dispense that the pleasant prairie home, away the river glowed like a pale opal, and the christian sociates no one thought of it with the sack is merely a symbol of power which their slow, monotonous length. But the christian is annoying, and the christian is annoying, and the christian is annoying, and the christian is annoying. ly visible against the far-off amber blue with which they regarded the aristocratic pretensions of Jenkins Stubbs, At just twelve o'clock our old friend Esq., whose father used to saw wood Ned Bradlee drove up to Ben Ander- for a rather scanty living. Mr. Montson's door with a pretty bran new bug- ford was to the manor born, and the degy, bought especially for the occasion, scendant of lords and noblemen had and a lovely little span of chestnut colts | something to be proud of; for, say what we will, family and position are some-

Among the privileged visitors at the light hair has been cropped and Montford House was Blanche Arnold. She had been intimate with the Montstraight behind them, as formerly.) and ford young ladies ever since they came mate-has changed the color from a what older than her, but Blanche was pale sand color to a very lovely auburn- always mature and womanly, even brown. The face is as fresh and fair as when a small child, and so the differit was eight years ago, and you look in ence in ages was not noticeable. Some vain for a single place where the "pen-cil of Time" has made so much as a Victor some day. She was nearly a single comma. He is a little stouter, year the oldest, but that was nothing He is dressed, too! I doubt if ever the and accomplishments that Miss Arnold that young Montford was yery much inknow there was never such loves of terested in the young lady, and certaintrousers sported even on Broadway. ly it would be a good thing for her, who Now, please don't guess that there was was, after all only the daughter of a simple American citizen.

If Blanche Arnold had been beautiful as a child, she was regal, as a woman. Despite his added years and experience, Ralph was still a little afraid of her. She could still make him stammer and blush by one of her wonderful glances, and the touch of her white, velvet soft fingers, made him catch his breath with a sensation of being smothered in rose leaves.

Ralph was not a vain fellow, by any means, but he could not be quite blind to the admiration expressed in his cousin's shy, soft glances, half hidden by the drooping lashes which veiled their soft fire.

Perhaps it showed Miss Blanche Arnold's good taste-I think it did. kalph Anderson was worthy of any woman's admiration, either mentally or physicalthe unswerving loyalty to principle which characterized his Puritan ancestors, to which was added a broader faith and a more generous spirit. He a cow addicted to the uncomfortable was besides brave, resolute, ambitious and fearless; and yet withal tender and gentle of heart as a woman, sometimes. Jones took the tail and tied it firmly to He was just the sort of fellow to win a his leg. The cow, irritated by the flies woman's admiration, when to all this she could not drive away, started off, was added a handsome face, and a fine

physique. had, somehow, got an impression that

She just lifted her eyes, and dropped them hastily, but the look in them, and

It was a clear, crisp, frosty morning, and the prairies glittered in the sun brought a faint rose-red to Blanche Arnold's creamy cheek, and the wonderful gray eyes, with their changeful expression, sparkled and gleamed in the most bewildering way as they glanced, and

pretty eyes ever said. They did not go direct to Montford House-it was early to call-but drove off across the prairie and down the river road, and Ralph, looking in the matchless face, under the glamour of those alluring eyes, thought he should be willing to ride on so forever.

But Miss Arnold was possessed of excellent judgment. She knew just how far to excite a sentiment, and have it keen and unsated. So presently she said, looking at her little jeweled watch! "I promised Althea to be there at eleven, and it lacks but ten minuteswe must hurry; I had no idea it was so

Montford House was a large, imposing house, with balconies and verandahs, giving it an air of taste and comfort and elegance. It sat back from the street a little, and was reached by a circular drive-way. A servant stood by the steps to take the horse when they half a day! Only this I will say: I don't drove up, and a moment more and the believe there was ever before such a door was opened in response to their wonderful dinner, or ever quite such a ring. Blanche raised her train of rustling silk and stepped in past the girl who stood holding open the door, without glancing at her; but Ralph in coluntarily raised his eyes to her face- startthat noon-that very noon, she said mother in the wide world that had such ed, colored, and then stopped short and stared at her with all his might.

Blanche dropped the voluminous folds shake, and looked round. Just the faintbrow. The girl saw it, and an angry red flamed in her face, whether at the young man's importinent stare, or the young lady's evident disapproval of it, one couldn't quite tell.

"Blanche, that girl looks as our little Viola did," he said, in a quick under tone, as they followed the girl to the parlor. "I fear I was rude, but I was so startled I forgot myself."

"No great harm done-she is only one of the servants, though a new one, I think," she answered, coolly and indif-

Just then they reached the parlot door which the girl opened for Blanche, who was in advance, to enter. There was a little feminine bustle, during which Ralph stole another glan ce at the girl's face. It was white as if she was dead, and had such a strange look!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Characteristics of a Newfoundland City.

The first impressions of a stranger ca

arriving at St. John are not of the most agreeable character, especially if he arrives in a drenching shower, and in the midst of it, while walking up a long slip Altogether they were a very high-born, tom-house official and requested to go but still it is annoying, and the chelleboth Governments could well dispense with during the summer samen. The drive to the hotel is a very hilly one. and you feel grateful when the driter deposits you at the entrance, and you willingly pay him all he asks. The St. John hackman is not of the avaricious class, and for thirty cents he will take "I think, perhaps, I had better intro-nce you to Ned, for I have no idea you for "the nobility."

"I think, perhaps, I had better intro-thing, and Americans have a due respect stones and through deeper ruts than a Philadelphia Jehu would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they al! seem to be well patronized, the laters candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old gravevard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, grante tombs and iron-ribbed inclosures are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certa'n individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was an esquire, and had served her Majesty in numerous offices with fidelity, et .. , etc. This monument is a bollow one, a side of it having fallen in. It remains as it crumpled, no attempt being made to put it in repair. Everywhere decay, both the body and the memorial of it being obliterated, and no "Old Mortality" near to save either He had the resolute integrity and from destruction. -Cor. Philadelphia

-A Cleveland man named Jones has habit of switching her tait in his face while milking her. The other day and feeling the curious attachment to her tail became frightened and ran. He had been at home a week when Jones is now walking about on crutches Blanche rode out one morning with an and remarking: "About the tenth time invitation for him to call at Montford I had been hauled around that lot I be-House. The young ladies had been very anxious she should bring him, "they tied her tail to her leg and not to mine." -Detroit Free Press.

> -A proposed remedy for discourage ing and separating fighting dogs was

Republican Solicitude.

Not long ago Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Ryan had an animated discussion with fists in the neighborhood of New Orleans. Mr. Sullivan's arguments were so much the stronger that Mr. Ryan was convinced against his will, being "knocked out of time," and so banged drooped, and wavered, and said the and battered that his own mother would most unutterable things that one pair of not have known him. If, while Mr. Ryan was applying raw beef to his eyes, plasters to his broken nose and ointment to his bruised ribs, he had sat up in bed to discuss the health of his jubilant and sprightly adversary—who was scarcely scratched—and expressed fears lest Mr. Suffivan might not be in condition to fight him again six months later, even Mr. Kyan's warmest friends would have been more than likely to call him a fool; certainly would have

Yet Mr. Ryan would not have acted more foolishly in this supposed case than the Republican party is now acting in regard to the Democratic. Republicans have been as thoroughly whipped by Democrats as Ryan was by Sullivan, but instead of attending to their own aches and pains and getting eyes, nose and ribs into presentable shape, they are wasting breath in discussing the present position and future prospects of the victors and prophesying that Democratic success in 1882 will, in all probability, prepare the way for Demo- merits. cratic failure in 1884. This solicitude is, under the circumstances, delightfully ridiculous. Pemocrats laugh at it as the richest joke of the season. They have come out of the battle with clear of her dress, gave them a little dett and clean cuticle, far more lively and vigorous than when they went in. They est possible frown contracted her smooth are aware that accidents and blunders may occur in the next two years which may damage their chances in the Presidential campaign: but they know that the enemy may be damaged in a similar way, and that at any rate the Republicans must pull themselves together very considerably to be able to enter the ring at all in 1884, while the Democracy are as completely a unit as was Sullivan after he had thumped Ryan into a bloody pulp. To be seri-ious—criticism and warnings. like charity, "should begin at home." The highest authority has declared that "they that are whole need no physician, but they that are sick." Now at this time the Democrats are very whole indeed, while the Republicans are undeniably very sick. Let the latter call a consultation of political physicians with least possible delay, leaving Democrats to be doctored of a considerable fortune. He is now whenever the require it—which at one of the large hotels, where familiar is not immediately. The Republican intercourse with the transient populaparty is suffering from a complication of diseases, the most serious of which are house, and where his movements will Stalwartism on the brain and Half- be less remarked upon. Breedism in the bowels. Unless these the party will soon discharge the doctors ment is required to prove that until the ent directions, some of which are rerivel factions, whose struggles have garded as unpopular by the press, but all torn the party asunder, are cordially of which are believed to have elements reconciled and heartily united, Republi- of strength for a political purpose.

damning Half-Breeds and Half-Breeds threats of civil war. profanely taunting Stalwarts. Olive-branches are at a discount and clubs command a premium, and when the determination to deserve the new vote of confidence given them by the people. Cermany fired overthrew its gilded rot-They not only expect to profit by the tenness. likely to be in their favor .- St. Louis defiance of the popular will.

Republican. Democratic "Blundering."

There is a good deal of affectation about the Stalwart belief that the Democracy will be sure to blunder before the Presidential election and thereby pave the way for a return of the "machine." This notion of Democratic "blundering" had very little foundation at the start. It rested wholly upon one or two shrewd successes of Republican leaders in getting Democratic Representatives in Congress in a false position; and it has been kept alive by persistent reiteration. The men who affect most strongly to believe it contine themse ves carefully to generalization. They never, by any chance, point out what particular "blunders" they charge upon the Democracy, though they occasionally indulge in specifications as to individual Democrats. And while they will probably keep up the general cry there s less chance than ever of their going into specifications. For it has been made clear to them-if anything ever was made clear in politics -- that the real undering has been on the part of the Republican party, and that the people have rebuked and punished that blun-dering by recalling to power that same Democracy which the Sta warts thought forever to exclude by the accusation of blundering."

But while this accusation has little foundation and would come, if it had more, with a very ill grace from the leaders who have just been punished for their blunders, it is worth heeding. One learns a good deal from one's enemies: and if the Democracy are not quite willing to accept this charge as a coughing in court, when the distu bing rebuke, they can well afford to take it element informed his Honor that he as a warning. Whether they have or would be willing to pay twice that sum

There are some blunders, we fancy,

nopolies and of extravagance in public expenditure; the robbery of the public Treasury; for these and similar "blunders' the Republican party has been so conspicuously punished that there can hardly be any danger that any party will soon repeat them. - Detroit Free Press.

Third Term and Empire.

General Grant is one of the Commissioners on the part of the United States to negotiate a new treaty of commerce with Mexico. This is the ostensible object of his present visit to Washington, but it is not by any means the only

or the most important one.

That he came to help Fitz-John Porter is openly declared by himself. But it is a curious fact that, with all his military prestige and his political affinities, told him to heal his own wounds before Grant was not able to affect a single worrying about the man who indicted vote in the Senate. With the exception of Hoar, the Republicans who voted for Porter were all committed before Grant espoused his cause.

When General Grant got the announcement made that he had withdrawn from politics, he did not accompany the advertisement, as Mr. Conk-ling did, with a notice of an engagement in another pursuit. He simply retired on his laurels. Now, the Old Guard that will not die, and does not know how to surrender, is unwilling to have the General put on the shelf, and Grant has long since been convinced that the shelf is a bad place for his

A movement is organized to bring Grant out next year as a full-fledged candidate for the Presidency. The managers think the "third term clamor." as they call it, has died out. They claim that new conditions have arisen since 1880, and that the "prejudices" against Grantism have also ceased to exist. One argument used to promote the new scheme is the support that Grant gave to Garfield in the dark hours of the campaign, when Blaine had lost his own State, and the outlook everywhere was dismal and forbidding. Strange as it may seem, this scheme is advocated by certain so-called Democrats, who have fai'ed to gratify their a ubition inside the party lines. Grant's aid of Fitz John Porter naturally strengthens him with this class of persons, and the effect of it is partially seen in the attentions of McClellan and of his immediate friends to the aspiring third termer during his present visit to the capital.

Grant came here as the guest of "Ned" Beale, who managed, as Survevor-General in California, to put aside a valuable ranch, which is the backbone

When the question is asked: What can be cured; unless brain, bowels and are the sources of Grant's strength as a the entire body are restored to health, possible candidate for the Presidency? his special friends answer without reand apply to the undertaker. No argu- serve. They are to be found in differ-

can strength is weakness. If a National It is alleged that the great railroad Republican Convention were to meet and manufacturing corporations, the to-day it would either break up in a banks, the rings, the speculators, the general row, or nominate a candidate jobbers, the contractors, the shoddy of whom Democrats would make mince- princes, and the adventurers that meat at the polls. Will a National Re- swarmed about the White House from publican Convention in 1884 do any 1870 to 1877, will rally and put forth all better? Certainly not, unless the bitter their power to elect Grant. They befeud between Stalwarts and Half-Breeds lieve in a strong Government and in oneis effectually healed by that time. What prospect is there of such healing? None ereised in 1876 when the Presidency visible to the naked eye. Stalwarts are was stolen, backed by force and by

Overgrown wealth, acquired by combinations of which the people are uniformly the victims, longs for titular distools of war will be thrown away and tinctions, which shall separate it as a the emblem of peace brought to the class from the toilers and the common front, the w sest prophet cannot pre- tax-pavers. The possessors of this dict. Meanwhile the Democracy are wealth are ready for an empire, and enjoying that peace and happiness they would pay liberally to bring it which comes fr m a consciousness of about. They have long aped, in pomp, virtue, a full appreciation of the magni- in parade and in meretricious display, tude and meaning of the victory, and a the vanities and the vices of that which

defeat of their opponents, but to avoid | That experience, with all its stern insimilar defeat themselves by refusing to struction, is not heeded by men who commit the sins, the penalty of which have no faith in free institutions. They Republicans are now enduring. They saw under rant a proffigacy in public may not, will not, be faultless in the and in private life and a desire for show future: but if, with the experiences of such as had been witnessed under Louis the past, they do not earnestly strive Napoleon, with a more resolute will in to reduce faults and follies to a mini- the former than in the latter to carry mum, the next popular verdict is not out any plan he might adopt, in utter

Hence their confidence that Grant wou'd not only protect at every hazard their moneyed interests, but that he would also gratify their selfish ambition in other respect. They are greatly encouraged also by the centralizing policy of the Republican leaders, whose egislation all tends to the destruction of State boundaries and of State autonomy, and to the building up of gigantic monopolies.

When it is suggested that Blaine's followers combined to defeat the thirdterm conspiracy at Chicago, and that the ex-Secretary stands as a lion in the path for the coming Convention, the Grant managers quietly pooh pooh the objection. "You don't know Blaine," say they. "Why, he is a dead duck politically, and if he was not we can reach the capitalists who own him, some of whom are principal backers in our movement. He will be forced by the necessities of his pocket to make common cause with us. Blaine goes for money primarily, believing it to be the mainspring of power. He will not trouble us in 1884."

The Grant ball is thus set in motion. -Washington Cor. N. Y. Sun.

-The New York Times notes the fact that "modern steamers are built with water-tight compartments, and, as a rule, every steamer that runs into another vessel promptly sinks. The watertight compartments are very useful when mentioned in advertisements, but for all other purposes they seem to be practically worthless."

-It was a cold day for that Judge who threatened to fine a party \$10 for to have it stopped. - Denver Rustler.

-An old law in Holland condemned crim nals to be wholly deprived of salt against which they need no warning. as the severest punishment in that moist The neglect of the Republican party to country. The effect was that they were reduce taxation; the fostering of mo- a prey to internal parasites.